

ENSENORE.

A POEM.

"—— of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field,
Of being taken by the insolent foe
And sold to slavery——
It was my hint to speak."

SHAKSPEARE.

"—— one of those still lakes,
That in a shining cluster lie,
On which the south wind scarcely breaks
The image of the sky."

BRYANT.

NEW-YORK:

WILEY AND PUTNAM,

161 BROADWAY.

1840.

Entered according to the act of Congress, in the year 1840,
BY WILEY & PUTNAM,
In the Clerk's office of the District Court of the Southern District of New-York.

PRINTED BY WILLIAM OSBORN, 88 WILLIAM-STREET.

PS
2459
M995e
1840

TO

HIS EXCELLENCY,

WILLIAM H. SEWARD,

GOVERNOR OF THE STATE OF NEW-YORK,
&c., &c.,

THIS POEM,

THE SCENE OF WHICH IS PRINCIPALLY UPON THE BEAUTIFUL LAKE IN THE
VICINITY OF HIS COUNTRY RESIDENCE,

IS

(BY PERMISSION)

RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

PREFACE.

THE author of the following Poem is well aware that historians seem to be under the impression, that a prominent event alluded to therein, occurred at a different season of the year from the one assumed. But the question of correctness between them and him is unnecessary to be discussed. If they are correct, the inevitable inference is, that there was a repetition of the catastrophe alluded to, at some subsequent date. At all events, his poem which, though designed in some degree to elucidate the character and customs of the aborigines, claims to be only a romance, is unquestionably entitled to the benefit of such an hypothesis.

“Romantic poetry,” says Sir Walter Scott, “comprehends a fictitious narrative, framed and combined at the pleasure of the writer, beginning and ending as he may judge best, which is free from the technical rules of the *Epée*, and is subject only to those which good sense, good taste, and good morals apply to every species of poetry, without exception. The date may be in a remote age, or in the present; the story may detail the adventures of a prince, or of a peasant. In a word, the author is absolute master of his country and its inhabitants, and every thing is permitted to him, except to

be heavy or prosaic, for which, free and unembarrassed as he is, he has no manner of apology."

Although this is his first appearance before the public, the author is not prepared with any plea, by which to propitiate their favor. If arraigned by those Public Prosecutors in behalf of the literary world—the critics—he has but little to say, beyond what his work itself may present, why sentence should not be passed against him; though he claims that the fact of this being a first offence, shall be received in extenuation of his guilt, and in mitigation of his punishment.

Yet, to such of his *friends* as may be cognizant of the authorship, he takes this opportunity of saying that a poem, necessarily written and revised at intervals of business hours, could not well be free from blemishes, and he believes that his efforts in a cause which he has much at heart—that of giving more of a national feature to American poetry—will be appreciated by them, at least, and rewarded by their approbation.

ENSENORE.

PART FIRST.

ENSENORE.

PART FIRST.

I.

THE Mohawk, from its western source,
Where silently and calm it flows,
To where it takes a torrent's force
And dashes down the dark Cahoes ;
By that proud mart, upon its shore,¹
Where echoed once the cannon's roar,
When patriot blood flowed fast and free,
On thy red field, Oriskany !

And that, where towering to the skies,
Wild Astorogan's hills arise,²
And many a place of humbler name,
Haply, as yet, unknown to fame,
Now mirrors, faithfully and true,
Within its silent depths of blue,
The lofty spire and gilded dome,
And marble mansion by its side,
And with the busy hamlet's hum
Mingles the music of its tide.

II.

But not of these, the minstrel's rhyme,
His tale is of the olden time,
When that dark stream no burthen bore,
Save where the gossamer canoe
Across its shaded surface flew,
A hundred years ago, and more.
They were not then, the towns that rise,
Like magic, to the traveller's eyes,
Wild Mohawk ! in thy every glen
And every dale — they were not then.
Pathless and proud, upon thy side,
Stood unhewn forests dark and wide,

The red deer had his rambles there,
The wild-cat and the wolf their lair,
And where was only heard the cry
 Of panther fierce, or savage yell;
The silvery echoes now reply
 To matin and to vesper bell.

III.

Yet not through forest wilds alone,
 Rolled even then thy chainless tide,
One little colony had grown
 In graceful beauty by thy side :
'T was but a germ, but ere the blast
Of desolation o'er it passed,
Held many a happy home and hearth,
Where rang the merry notes of mirth,
And doubtless had its fitting share
Of human hopes and human care,
Who seeks it now, will find it not ;
A city proud usurps the spot,
Whose glistening domes and towering spires,
 And streets with trade and commerce rife,
'Tell not the tale of midnight fires,
 And faggot flames, and bloody strife,

Which left a scorched and blackened strand,
Where now her Halls of Science stand.

IV.

The Muse aspires not to relate
That hapless town's appalling fate ;
How, bursting on the gloom of night,
The war-torch shed its lurid light,
 And how adown the vale,
Echoing from many a distant dell,
Rang the red warrior's hideous yell,
There live, who heard their grandsires tell,
 And shudder at the tale.
It now avails not to recite
The story of that fearful night,
Or say, 'neath the relentless hand
Of foes, who fought with blade and brand,
How many fathers fighting died,
E'en at their murdered children's side,
How many noble hearts were crushed,
How many lovely lips were hushed,
 And infant voices stilled ;
A hundred years since then have sped,
And those who fell and those who fled,

Alike are numbered with the dead,
Their destiny fulfilled.

V.

More recent days, alas ! disclose
Enough of human wiles and woes ;
The passing years are ushering in
Enough of wretchedness and sin,
Nor need we turn the leaves of Time
So far, to find a page of crime ;
Yet, if to some belongs the meed
Of fame, for high heroic deed,
For them, although they may not claim
On History's faithless page, a name,
The bard may be allowed to stand
Within Tradition's cloudy land,
Recall its shadowy train to day,
And, much presuming, seek to stay
From them, awhile, the threatened fall
Of drear Oblivion's ebon pall.

VI.

And well the minstrel's meed is due
To them, the bold and fearless few,
Who on that night of death withstood,
And stemmed the torrent tide of blood ;
Foremost of whom, young ENSENORE³
Long urged them to th' unequal war,
Besought them, though they might not hope
Long with that savage horde to cope,
That they would not ignobly fly,
And leave their helpless ones to die,
When each protracted moment proved
Safety and life to some they loved ;
“ And hasten ” — to a youth he cried,
Who fought, unfaltering, at his side —
“ Haste to our trembling friends, and say,
“ We hold these fiends a while at bay,
“ And bid them fly, as best they may.”

VII.

In vain, alas ! that gallant band
Amid their fallen comrades stand ;

In vain for mothers, sisters, wives,
Yield one by one their valued lives ;
Another party of the foe,
Unseen, had gained the town below ;
They saw at once the fearful proofs,
In columned smoke and blazing roofs,
While rang the war-whoop through the air,
Mingled with shrieks of wild despair.
One moment gazed those gallant men,
A moment paused and even then,
While, hesitating yet to fly,
They sought their dauntless leader's eye,
Their messenger returning stood,
And pointed where the foe pursued ;
“ A few,” the breathless envoy said,
“ A few, a safe retreat have made ;
“ The rest are far beyond your aid ;
“ In vain your valor, ENSENORE !”
He said, and pointing to the shore,
“ Ye who to rescue or repay,
“ Would wait a more auspicious day,
“ Quick, to your boats, away ! away !”

VIII.

Thy wild and terror-stricken wave,
Mohawk ! a doubtful refuge gave,
For as adown thy darkened stream,
 Beneath the star's still light they steer,
Comes ever and anon the scream
 Of some new sufferer to their ear ;
The light by some new beacon given,
 Sheds on their watery way its glare,
And rises fearfully to Heaven,
 As if, in lasting letters there,
To write upon the changeless sky,
A deed of such a damning die.

IX.

A neighboring village gave ere day
 Asylum to the few who fled ;
But mid the sufferers, none, as they,
Who mourned their bright one snatched away,
 Might envy e'en the dead —
An aged pair, to whom kind Heaven
A pure and sinless child had given,

A gentle girl, on whose fair head,
Scarce twenty springs their smiles had shed ;
Sole solace of their failing years ;
Sole centre of their hopes and fears ;
The only light of their lone hearth,
The only tie 'twixt them and earth —
They saw her struggling with the foe,
And borne away — they did not know
If it were given at once to die,
Or a protracted death to live,
But they had heard her last wild cry
Invoke the aid they could not give.
Tears are for those who lightly mourn,
They came not to that pair forlorn.

X.

Mature in every youthful grace,
And more than beautiful of face,
Refined of heart, and free from guile,
Gladdening all bosoms with her smile —
An eye, for whose effulgence bright,
Revealing thoughts of sinless love,
Elsewhere, there seemed no kindred light,
Than its own radiant Fount above ;

Such was Kathreen—such she, for whom,
Were wrapt those aged hearts in gloom,
And, like the patriarch of yore,
In silent grief, they sought the tomb,
Nor heeded words of comfort more.

XI.

Nor they alone that lost one wept ;
Her image, in another heart,
Enshrined and loved, had long been kept,
As of itself a part.
Say, ENSENORE, when wild and high,
Rang through the night, thy battle cry,
Till far responsive echoes woke ;
When, 'neath the flash of thy lone sword,
Fell back, dismayed, that savage horde,
As from the lightning stroke ;
When thy first feats in arms surpassed
The fame of many a hero's last ;
Was not the hope that nerved thy arm,
To shield that lovely one from harm ?
Now, desolate, Earth's regions wide
Hold none that's dear to thee beside.

XII.

Yet while his heart was filled with wo,
One gleam of sunlight entered there,
For Hope delights to set her bow
Amid thy blackest clouds, Despair !
She yet might live — her lover thought —
The savage, though his breast were fraught
With vengeance for a murdered race,
Would pause to gaze on that dear face,
And gazing, drop his nerveless arm,
Without the power or will to harm ;
And they, each brave and young compeer,
Survivors of that night of fear,
The remnant of their chivalry,
Who round their broken altars kneel,
“ With hearts of fire and nerves of steel,”
Would answer to his rallying cry,
And whether on the river's tide,
Or through the forests dark and wide,
Led their retreating path,
No covert should have power to hide
The miscreants from his wrath.

XIII.

But ah ! 'neath Reason's milder ray,
He saw these bright dreams fade away.
A Xerxian army might have poured
 Its millions over lake and plain,
And every deep'ning forest scoured,
 Yet found not his Kathreen again.
Alas for him ! he did not dare
With any force, essay to tear
The fawn from out the lion's jaws,
The lamb from 'neath the tiger's claws.
Alas for him ! Hope's fleeting light
Was like the electric flash at night,
Which gilds the gloom of Heaven o'er,
Then leaves it darker than before.

XIV.

But where is she, the hapless fair,
 For whom a father's heart is rent,
For whom a mother's ceaseless prayer,
 Up to the throne of God is sent ?

When she, the lost, awoke to life,
She saw no more th' uplifted knife,
The war-whoop rang not in her ear,
The victor's shout, the shriek of fear—
What marvel if the maiden deem
That she hath woke from some dread dream ?
“ Mother ! ” half doubtingly, she spoke ;
Oh ne'er, before, such accents woke
 The echoes of that gloomy spot,
Where, on the rough and leaves-strewn ground,
A hundred warriors lay around
In sleep, calm, quiet and profound,
 Their murderous deeds forgot.
They slept—their ruthless hands imbrued,
All recently in human blood ;
Scarcely beyond the light retired,
Of the fair town their brands had fired ;
Beneath the Heavens where angels wept
O'er their atrocious deeds — they slept.

XV.

With the first gleam of morning light,
That coward band commenced their flight,
For sudden vengeance, well they knew,
Would their retreating steps pursue,

And far from the awakening ire
Of dreaded foemen, they retire,
For, whereso'er the red deer roam,
All spots, alike, to them, are home.
Yet little thought to fear they gave,
When once embarked upon the wave ;
The mettled steed that mocks the wind,
Had scarcely left their fleet behind,
 So rapid was their flight ;
And ere adown the golden west,
The second sun had sunk to rest,
 Their oar-blades flashed his light,
Where Trenton's wild and wizzard stream⁴
Flows darkly, like a troubled dream.

XVI.

Yet not by fear alone impelled,
So far their westward course they held.
Congenial arts, war and the chase,
By turns employ the savage race,
 And wanderers, like the northern Hun,
It was their annual wont to pay
A visit to the lands that lay
 Afar toward the setting sun.

There game, profuse, was ever found ;
There was their chosen hunting ground,
Amid the seven fair lakes that lie ⁵
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky.

XVII.

There, oft, the fervid heat to shun,
What time the Lion holds the Sun,⁶
The panting deer resort to lave
Their burning breasts within the wave ;
There, 'neath the cool translucent tide,
The finny race were seen to glide,
And in the over-arching blue,
Circling afar, the wild-fowl flew.
Embowered within the silent wood,
Reposed each calm and placid flood ;
Unknown to them the cumbrous keel,
Unknown the sound of plashing wheel ;
Sped not before the evening gale,
As now, the light and snowy sail,
And all unheard in glen or glade
The voice or laugh of merry maid.
O'er silent lakes and silent streams
The morning shed its golden beams

O'er deep ravine and wooded hill,
O'er solemn forests dark and still.
Unseen by one admiring eye,
The bow of promise spanned the sky ;
And when, at eve, the gentle breeze
 From far its spicy treasures bore,
Bowed 'neath its breath, the graceful trees,
 And waves went murm'ring to the shore.

XVIII.

Such was the region which they sought,
A fairy land, with beauties fraught,
And leaving there the river's side,
Where northward turns its lessening tide,⁷
They, through the trackless forests rove,
 The only chart their way to show,
By night, the glittering stars above,
 By day, the humble moss below.⁸
Kathreen, compelled, what time she could,
With them must thrid the pathless wood,
And when her limbs, too lithe and frail,
With toil unwont, entirely fail,
On boughs from neighboring saplings torn,
A litter rude, the maid is borne.

Then fell, in floods, the captive's tears ;
Then highest rose her withering fears ;
For well, alas, too well she knows
The grace, the Indian captor shows
To those of whom he has not need,
Whene'er they fail in strength or speed,
Gleams in the glittering scalping-knife,
A brief discharge from tedious life !
And such a doom, the captive maid
Had thought was hers — for such she prayed —
Prayed with her faint and failing breath,
A suppliant for the boon of death.

XIX.

Three times the setting sun has shed
Its light upon their forest way ;
Three times the shades of night have fled,
While, in her guarded bough-built bed,
Kathreen, unsleeping, waits the day,
And they, at early eve, have found
Their fav'rite western hunting ground,
Upon the shore of that fair lake,
Whose waters are the clearest, brightest,
Whose silver surges ever break
Upon her pebbled margin, lightest ;

Where dips the lark her sportive wings,
And where the robin red-breast sings,
And where, in many a shaded dell,
The viewless echoes love to dwell.

ENSENORE.

PART SECOND.

ENSENORE.

PART SECOND.

I.

Owasco's waters sweetly slept,⁹
Owasco's banks were bright and green,
The willow on her margin wept,
The wild-fowl on her wave were seen,
And Nature's golden charms were shed,
As richly round her quiet bed,
From flowered mead to mountain brow,
A century since as they are now ;

The same pure purple light was flung,
At morn, across the water's breast ;
The same rich crimson curtains hung,
At eve, around the glowing west.
But seldom then the white man's eye
Imbined the beauties of that view ;
Unnoticed, spread the cloudless sky
Its canopy of spotless blue ;
Unnoticed, back to Heaven, the wave
That azure sky's pure semblance gave.

II.

'T was evening—o'er the waters blue,
The setting sun his radiance threw,
Flinging o'er hill and dale and stream,
A mellowed light—a farewell beam ;
And where, afar, the forests rise,
With their green surface to the skies,
Shedding, o'er that, a shower of light,
While all beneath was dark as night.
Alas ! not theirs alone the case,
(This tale their fabled tongues impart,)
So, smiles may linger on the face,
Long after they have left the heart.

III.

What boat flies round that mimic cape,
So silent on the silver stream,
Its second self in size and shape,
Reflected by the watery beam?
Though all unheard its paddle's beat,
Unseen its wake upon the wave,
The restless spirit's not more fleet,
At dawn, returning to the grave;
Onward — still onward, fast and far,
Toward yon distant light that gleams,
Like the horizon's earliest star,
Amid the day's retiring beams,
It speeds — and, though there's many a mile
That beacon and that boat between,
'T will reach its goal ere the first smile
From Heaven's lamps illumines the scene.

IV.

A single oar that boat propelled,¹⁰
A single occupant it held;

Who saw him, as he onward sped,
His cap of fur, his plume of red,
His gaudy dress and painted face,
The trophies of his mountain chase,
His beaded belt compactly tied
With all a Narraghansett's pride,¹¹
The jewels pendant from his ear,
His oaken bow and quiver near,
His arm of bronze, inured to brave
 Unscreened, the summer's burning heat ;
The broidered moccasins that gave
 A grace to his converging feet ;¹²
His sinewy frame — his noble air,
 His lofty brow and martial frown ;
Who saw him thus — might well declare
 A Sachem he, of high renown.
Yet not a Narraghansett he,
Or Delaware, or Shawaneco ;
Huron nor Ottawa his race,¹³
Nor his a Tuscaroran face ;
Nor led he e'er to battle forth,
The five fierce nations of the North.¹⁴
The region where his tribe belong,
Is unenshrined in tale or song ;
That chart must yet be drawn, I ween,
On which their hunting grounds are seen.

V.

Who then is he, who braves the wrath
Of Indians in their forest home,
And treads alone his dangerous path,
Where the fierce Huron warriors roam —
A race, whose war-creed knows no name
For mercy, to a captive foe,
Save that, which with a fiercer flame
Or surer stroke concludes his wo ?
Hopes he, though in profound disguise,
To shun the vigilance of eyes
That mark upon his mountain height
The eagle in his loftiest flight ?
Steady must be his nerves and calm,
Who in such strait shows not alarm ;
But, haply, his is errand high
Which he must gain, or, losing, die ;
Else were his bark less fleetly bent
Toward his deadliest foeman's tent.

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VI.

If, ere the cloud-escorted sun
Had sunk beneath the horizon's edge,
While lingered yet his beams upon
Each verdant spot and rocky ledge,
And in a line of living light,
Their radiance o'er the waters threw,
The scene was such as never Night
In all its solemn beauty knew ;
Yet, fair, beyond the power of pen,
The art of pencil to portray,
In quiet beauty, even then,
Thy silver wave, Owasco! lay.
What though thy charms, in twilight veiled,
Grew indistinct upon the eye ?
What though the far-off bark that sailed,
Seemed floating in the adjacent sky ?
Though shrouded in the distance, lives
Full many a prospect green and gay,
The fertile fancy ever gives
More charms than darkness takes away.

VII.

'T was not a beacon on the shore,
By maiden's fairy fingers hung,
That had, its trembling radiance o'er
That mystic boatman's pathway flung.
But, on an elevated site,
Near where the savages had raised
Their wigwam walls, the glowing light
Of arid leaves and branches, blazed.
Lighting afar the sylvan scene,
The dry and crackling fuel burned,
And though their glittering knives were seen,
All terrorless was now their sheen,
To culinary purpose turned.
This was the light that served to guide
His pathway o'er the waters wide,
And never had a watch-light given,
To shipwrecked mariner such bliss,
As did the stranger's heart enliven,
When first he met the rays of this.

VIII.

Their tent had scarce been pitched an hour,
Scarcely an hour their fire had glowed,
Ere, fearless, tow'rd their merry bower,
That skilled and rapid boatman rowed.
Silent, he moored his light canoe,
His bow upon his shoulder threw ;
Needs it to name that on the shore,
Beneath that guise, stood ENSENORE ?
Long on their trail the youth had been,
And that same day had passed unseen,
'That thus, as from a different way
He might appear by chance to stray
Near where their evening tent fires glare,
And seem by them attracted there.

IX.

The various arts in peace and war,
Of that rude race, knew ENSENORE ;
Full well their dialect he knew,
Their customs and their cunning too,

Could imitate their scalp-halloo,¹⁵
And chant the warrior's dirge;¹⁶
And fleet of foot, and strong of limb,
None in the chase could distance him
O'er vale or mountain verge.

X.

Words may not tell the fearful power
Of thought and feeling in that hour:
One moment more would serve to show
All that on earth he sought to know.
If yet she lived — his loved Kathreen,
If yet she lived, and might be seen,
One only glance of that dear face,
E'en there, within that fearful place,
Unnumbered dangers frowning near,
Himself an object of her fear,
Would still a thousand fold repay
The pains and perils of his way.
And, though he deemed his deep disguise
Impervious e'en to Indian eyes,
If she were not — he little recked
How soon his head, the death-cap decks;¹⁷
His tortured heart would gladly make
A refuge of the flame and stake.

XI.

Approaching now the wigwam door,
A mien composed and calm he bore,
Entered, with still yet stately pace,
Unquestioned by that stoic race,
By whom 't were counted deep disgrace,
To show surprise or awe, whate'er
Betides of wonder, or of fear.
They question not their guest, and yet
 When their mute courtesies have passed,
And he has smoked the calumet,
 And joined them in their rude repast,
Full well he knows, with anxious ear,
His name and tribe, they wait to hear.

XII.

Yet did they not, by word or sign,
 Their hospitable rites impair ;
Such duties do they hold divine,
 Nor stealthy look nor open stare

Once met the stranger's hurried view,
As round the crowd his dark eye flew ;
'T was well for him, they viewed him not,
When first on a secluded spot
Of their pavilion wild, it fell,
Encountering one he knew full well.

XIII.

On a rude couch, alone, aloof,
Sat, half reclining, poor Kathreen ;
His bosom had been pity-proof,
Who without tears that sight had seen ;
O'er her white robe, which yet retained
Its snowy hue, though travel-stained,
Neglected, hung her flowing hair,
And curled in untaught beauty there ;
One hand upheld her marble brow,
Perturbed and pale and clouded now,
And one — oh well knew ENSENORE
Each golden circlet that it bore —
Hung all unheeded at her side,
By many a wondering warrior eyed.
Though the first fear, the horror-trace
Had vanished from her lovely face,

A settled look of hopeless wo,
Of anguish unalloyed was there,
And ceaseless was the silent flow
Of tears that told her deep despair.

XIV.

The youth's first impulse was to start,
And clasp the maiden to his heart ;
At second thought, his flashing eye
Calm, passionless and cold became,
While from his lips escaped a sigh
So slight it scarce deserved the name ;
Yet was it heard — distinct and clear
It fell upon the captive's ear ;
There seemed some magic in the sound,
So wildly gazed the maid around ;
Her eye with brighter lustre burned,
More pale her ashen features turned,
While hopes and fears — a stormy train,
Swept, lightning-like, across her brain.

XV.

But, when her mind more calm became,
And more composed her trembling frame,
With rapid eye, the maiden scanned
Each warrior of that gloomy band,
Seeking the source of that light sigh,
That breathed of respite from her doom,
Awakening dreams of days gone by
And hopes of happiness and home.
But ah ! more cold her bosom grew,
As o'er that crowd her quick eye flew,
And as from face to face it passed,
Each sterner, fiercer, than the last ;
Nor deemed she, when her eye approached
And lingered on the stranger chief,
That such an one could have encroached
On her prerogative of grief.

XVI.

Meanwhile the youth in gutt'ral tone,
In their own tongue, proceeds to tell

Of wandering from his tribe, alone,
Who in far western forests dwell,
As far beyond the tribes that stay
Near the great cataracts ceaseless spray,¹⁸
As, westward of the Hurons, they ;
Where, on a shell-strewn island, stands
A bell not made by mortal hands,¹⁹
By which — when they neglect to pay
Due sacrifice — their ears were stunned,
He could not tell how far the way,
The Sun went down but just beyond !
Niperceans they — a race, he said,
Of whom, himself, the honored head
Was known afar, by friend and foe,
The firm and fearless Ivanough.²⁰

XVII.

“ I need not tell the story o’er
Known well,” he said, “ to you before,
How from the northern water’s shore
Before the Iroquois we fled,²¹
Compelled to leave the sacred dead.
Now all unhonored is the sod
That rises o’er their loved remains ;

By stranger's feet their graves are trod
And much my father's ghost complains ;
The time may come — I will not boast,
But I have yet a hardy host,
Whose hearts with hopes of vengeance burn,
For their long years of grief and toil —
The time may come when I return
With blade and brand to claim my soil ;
Meanwhile my royal rights I waive,
And as a pilgrim seek the grave
Where my ancestral relics lie,
And if that name protect me not
From foes who haunt that hallowed spot,
I am content to die."

XVIII.

How oft, upon his lonely route,
He paused to chase the forest deer,
How oft to catch the wily trout,
In some bright brook that murmured near,
And how, while pausing near the lake
His little bark canoe to make,
With which along its stream to glide,
Tow'rd the Ontario's distant tide,

Their curling smoke that climbed the sky
Had caught by chance his roving eye
And lured him here — a weary guest —
By travel worn and heat oppressed,
With ear attent, they hear him tell
Their only comment, “It is well!”

XIX.

His rich regalia then they view,
Admire awhile the royal hue
Of his imperial plume,
Nor doubted that, where lay afar,
His home beneath the western star,
Its very nod were doom.
They then relate their recent fight,
With exultation high,
And tell, how in the dead of night,
By their wrapt dwellings’ blazing light,
They saw their victims die ;
And how their Chieftain rescued there
From ’neath the upraised knife,
A dark-haired maiden, pale and fair,
And bade them treat with fitting care
His future fav’rite wife.

Fair as that star of silver light
Which heralds the approach of Night,
Was she, that captive maid they said ;
And graceful as the sportive fawn,
Whose feet, in yonder verdant lawn,
Scarce crush the flowers on which they tread.

XX.

On secret expedition gone,
That Chief, they said, almost alone
Had left their camp three nights before ;
Four chosen warriors with him went ²²
All trebly armed — their steps they bent
Tow'rd the Ontario's shore.
They did not know, or dare to ask,
The nature of their secret task,
But by their dark and threatening look,
The many weapons which they took,
Their moccasins reversed, ²³
Full well they guessed, ere now the blow
Upon some unsuspecting foe
With fearful force had burst.
But, ere he left, he bade them make
Their camp beside the Pleasant Lake,
And thither, yon fair maiden take.

That chief would join them soon they said,
And much they talked of pastime gay
When he, the Eagle-eye, should wed
The lost maid of Schenectada.

ENSENORE.

PART THIRD.



ENSENORE.

PART THIRD.

I.

'Tis morn — and 'neath the sportive wing
Of the 'sweet South,' the leaves are waving,
And shoreward, gently murmuring,
Owasco's waves her beach are laving.
What maiden wanders on the shore
And freights the zephyrs with her sighs —
Now breathes, unconscious, "ENSENORE,"
Now turns to Heaven her prayerful eyes ?

'Tis she — the lost of Mohawk's vale,
A captive in this distant land,
O'er whom the very breezes wail,
That sweep across that desert strand.
This had she deemed a day of grace,
For, forth unto the forest chase,
The warriors of the tribe had gone,
And within view of those who keep
Their tent adjacent, she might weep
In this secluded spot alone.
But ah! it may not be — she sees,
Emerging from the forest trees,
Another of that fearful race,
A hunter from his comrades strayed,
His gaudy dress a chief betrayed,
But strange to her his face.

II.

Kathreen, in that dread hour when flashed
Before her eyes the glittering knife,
Had seen the chief whose strong arm dashed
The blow aside that sought her life,
And had retained through her alarm
That scowling brow, that blood-red plume,

That braceleted and brawny arm
Averting her descending doom ;
But many a day had passed, and yet
The maid and chieftain had not met ;
Though well she guessed that on his breath
Would hang her doom, of life or death ;
That his return — or soon or late —
Would be decisive of her fate,
And by the fiery plume that now
Waved o'er that dark and lofty brow,
She guessed — her soul with horror rife —
The Sachem this, who saved her life.

III.

Nor were her torturing fears allayed,
When, distant far, a pause he made,
And bending to the earth his knee,
A token mute of amity,
With hands ungauntleted he grasped,
And backward bent his bow of oak,
Its parent tree, had it been clasped,
With such a force, had well nigh broke !
Answering the loud report that rung,
A thousand echoes seemed to wake,

While, rising to his feet, he flung
The fragments midway o'er the lake.

IV.

Now with slow step he comes more near,
And ever turns his cautious eye,
Pauses that huntsman bold through fear
Some game unseen would pass him by?
Trembling Kathreen stands on the shore;
She would — but whither shall she fly?
Oh that her earthly ills were o'er!
She only prays the boon to die.
He pauses — *speaks* — “Kathreen! Kathreen!”
She does not hear — her streaming eyes
See but that savage face and mien,
Then with new strength she turns and flies.
“Kathreen! Kathreen! oh stay, love, stay,
'T is I that calls” — cried ENSENORE.
In vain! less fleet at close of day,
The eagle on his mountain way,
When hastening homeward with his prey,
That maid is seen no more.

V.

Oh that he could pursue her flight,
Nor add new terrors to her fright ;
That dread disguise ! that painted face !
Oh how he cursed that hated race !
How fast his maddened pulses play !
He dare not go — he cannot stay ;
With burning brain and sickening fears,
He shouts again, but only hears
The elfin Echo mock his cry,
“ Oh, love, return, ’tis I — ’tis I.”

VI.

Back to the camp the maid has fled,
The hunter to the chase returned,
Where, ere the summer’s day had sped,
A name for daring high he earned ;
None a less erring bow could bend,
Or surer aim, or farther send
The whizzing shaft — none fleetier chase
The elk upon his mountain race ;

And much his comrades rough admire
His bearing bold, his gay attire,
And in their rude salutes expressed
The praises due the stranger guest.

VII.

The sun is rolling down the sky,
The evening breeze is floating by ;
Hushed are the notes of forest bird,
The whip-po-will alone is heard,
Sending her plaintive voice afar,
Upon the silent evening air ;
And night has called the warriors back
From panther chase, and wild deer track ;
And in their tent, each man repeats
The story of his hunting feats,
While all agree, no trophies bore
Compare to those of ENSENORE.

VIII.

As some lone rose by summer blast,
Uptorn and in the desert cast,

Whose fading beauties still are fair,
Whose fragrance freights the forest air—
So mid that dusky horde, Kathreen,
Pale, wretched, and forlorn was seen ;
Yet, on surrounding darkness thrown,
Her charms with dazzling radiance shone,
And to her lover's watchful eye
 She seemed a being all divine,
One star upon a clouded sky,
 One sunbeam in Siberian mine.

IX.

Her trembling eye in terror viewed
The trophies o'er the tent-floor strewed,
The savage panther's gory head,
The gentle deer yet scarcely dead,
The catamount with glaring eye,
 That frowned defiance e'en in death,
The hapless squirrel bleeding nigh
 And struggling with its failing breath.
Unwonted sights and sounds were these
To maiden nurtured at her ease,
Within a home with pleasures rife,
And all the luxuries of life,

And when, from the revolting view,
Kathreen her saddened eye withdrew,
From underneath the downcast lid,
'The silvery tears successive slid,
And glistened on her cheek of snow,
With all the eloquence of wo.

X.

She had not doubted that the chief
 With crimson plume and beaded belt,
Who, as in mockery of her grief,
 Upon the pebbled beach had knelt,
Was he, for whom — a destined wife —
Had been preserved her hapless life ;
And when she heard the boisterous mirth,
To which the maddening bowl gave birth,²⁴
As, seated round the festive board,
Rudely, but plentifully stored,
The dusky warriors threw aside
Their air of cold and cautious pride,
With hasty glance, the captive maid
Their dark and giant frames surveyed,
Seeking the object of her fear,
And dreading she should find him near.

XI.

Nor sought she long — the warrior's sash
Was glistening almost at her side,
She saw his dark eyes haughty flash,
That seemed to speak of power and pride,
And heard his voice — strange that its tone,
Uttering a language all unknown,
Should summon, like a passing dream,
The memory of her hours of mirth,
The murm'ring of the mountain stream,
The joys of the paternal hearth ;
Rapid and wild and undefined,
The mental panorama passed,
Gilding the clouds that o'er her mind,
Their dark and fearful shadows cast.

XII.

The feast went on and some relief,
The wretched maiden felt, that she
Remained unnoticed by the chief,
Amid the growing revelry ;

But when she marked his courteous air,
Tow'rd all his savage comrades there,
She doubted whether this could be
That chieftain known so well to fame,
That even in her infancy,
She trembled at his name ;
Nor doubted long — for even then,
Followed by four athletic men,
The Sachem entered at the door
And crossed with stately step the floor.

XIII.

Two hearts beat wildly at that sight ;
Kathreen turned pale with new affright,
And ENSENORE — when his first view
Told him the Eagle-Eye was near,
'T was well his artificial hue
Was fixed beyond the reach of fear ;
'T was but a moment — he became
Himself again at second breath,
Remembering that he played a game,
Where one false move were certain death.
Too well he knew each Indian trait,
To show one symptom of surprise,

And seeming still with drink elate,
He quietly withdrew his eyes,
Called for the bowl, with careless laugh,
And quaffed — or *seemed* at least to quaff.

XIV.

Meanwhile the chief, in silent pride,
Glanced at the revellers at his side,
A moment bent his flashing eye
Upon the maiden trembling nigh,
And, unaddressed, addressing none,
Seated himself, apart, alone,
Then fired his favorite calumet,
And seemed unconscious of the world,
As round his lengthened locks of jet²⁵
The fragrant wreaths in silence curled.

XV.

An Indian chieftain is content
His valor on his foes to vent ;
He does not seek in awe to hold,
His kinsmen and his clansmen bold ;

No abject fear for him they feel
Nor know the courtly art to kneel ;
And if, upon the warrior's cheer
 A slight restraint his presence threw,
It was not from a servile fear,
 But from respect, the feeling grew.

XVI.

At length the stern and stalwart chief
 In quiet dignity arose,
And in emphatic tones and brief,
 Told of encounter with his foes,
The daring of his little band,
The willing heart, the ready hand,
The charging shout, the fatal blow,
The victory and the dying foe ;
Then pointed with an Indian's pride
To scalps, yet reeking at his side,
And counted, with a miser's care,
To see that each red tuft was there.
All listened as the warrior spoke,
 And with approving smiles replied,
And when he closed, loud shouts awoke,
 Of triumph and of martial pride,

And scoffs and taunts were idly shed
On the mute relics of the dead.

XVII.

Then as the Sachem's eye was seen
Upon the unknown Brave to dwell,²⁶
Arose a youth of gentle mien
And soft and silver voice, to tell
The history of the favored guest,
Who sought for shelter there and rest ;
And said that mid their fair domain,
The pilgrim's stay would be but brief,
Though he would willingly remain
To grace the nuptials of the chief.
“ 'T is well — see thou the banquet spread,”
The haughty Eagle-Eye replied,
“ To-morrow's setting sun shall shed
Its beams upon the chieftain's bride.”

XVIII.

The feast resumed, bade fair to last
Until the midnight hour was past ;

For soon grew voluble each tongue,
And loud the tent with laughter rung.
The maiden watched, with trembling eye,
Their mirth and madness rising high,
And marvelled when she saw the guest,
More gay and boisterous than the rest,
Urging deep draughts, while he alone
Seeming to drink the most, drank none.
She heard the stranger's voice grow loud,
She saw him rise amid the crowd,
And point, with exultation high,
To the red trophies hanging nigh ;
But, while each eye is fastened there,
And shouts ring wildly through the air,
Why turns the maiden's cheek more pale ?
Why do her sight — her senses fail ?

XIX.

Whence or from whom, she could not tell,
But 't was a folded billet fell,
 Alighting at her feet !
She held her breath in very fear
The savages should pause to hear
 Her heart's tumultuous beat.

But by each dark and scowling brow,
Far other thoughts employ them now ;
They, by their guest's wild speech enchained,
All heedless of the maid remained,
Who, unobserved, the billet gained,
And, by a taper's wavering beams,
Perused — still fearful lest she dreams.
One glance sufficed that note to scan,
Few were its words — and thus they ran ;
“ At midnight — on Owasco's shore,
The stranger chieftain — ENSENORE.”

XX.

The wild-bird drops his merry wings,
And falls, unfluttering, on the green,
When the sure rifle 'neath him rings,
Less quickly far than fell Kathreen.
Slight help for her, the swooned, is found ;
The warriors, wondering, press around.
And none, of all that stoic race,
Who gaze on her seraphic face,
Pay less regard, show less concern,
Than that dark stranger, proud and stern ;

Yet, with quick eye, marked **ENSENORE**,
Where fell the note upon the floor,
And, seizing it with feigned surprise,
Displayed it to their wondering eyes,
As, doubtless, holding some strange charm,²⁷
Potent, perhaps, to work such harm,
Which, of her sad existence tired,
The maid had gazed on, and expired.

XXI.

But ah ! what power in pen or tongue
To tell the agony that wrung
 The lovers gen'rous heart,
Compelled to see with reckless air,
His loved, all pale and lifeless there
 Nor dare his aid impart.
Yet all the woes of earth combined,
 The prospect of an age of pain,
All that e'en savage skill could find
 Of torture would have frowned in vain
To hold him back — if he, alone,
Might for the fatal act atone.

XXII.

Pure as the first pale tints of day,
And faintly delicate as they,
At length the coming color seeks
The surface of her snowy cheeks.
A tremor o'er her pale lips flies,
The blue-veined eye-lids slowly rise,
And, as returning memory brought
The re-united links of thought,
Vanished at once each terror-trace,
And sudden joy suffused her face.

XXIII.

Long had the maiden's guileless breast,
 Within its secret depths concealed
One pure affection, unconfessed,
 And scarcely to herself revealed ;
And he, to whom her gentle heart
 Had yielded up its priceless worth,
That love, which like the flowers that start
 Unnoticed, from the vernal earth,

Blooms but more beautifully alone,
Unculled, uncherished and unknown ;
He, who had mingled with each theme
Of waking thought, or midnight dream,
He stood before her — come to save
Or share with her a captive's grave.
And she was loved — the thought of this,
 In spite of fear — in danger's spite,
Poured o'er her heart a flood of bliss,
 Of deep and unalloyed delight ;
For, oh ! if any pain hath power
Upon the soul, in such an hour—
If any grief there be, to chill
The heart's first joy, the rapture-thrill,
When love — the growth of growing years,
Attested by a thousand tears,
Which has, with flame unfaltering burned,
 'Though fanned by Hope's expiring breath—
Is first acknowledged and returned,
 It must be something more than Death.

XXIV.

Their eyes a passing moment meet
And linger in communion sweet ;
This silent language of the soul,
Could none construe and none control ;
It told in her blue brilliant eye,
Of strong affection rising high,
 All sense of fear and pain above,
In his — the answering light that woke
With an electric radiance, spoke
 The deathless energy of love.

XXV.

And who shall blame the hapless maid,
 If, after long and deep distress,
When this first radiant hope of aid
 Dawned brightly on her wretchedness,
Forgetful of the foes who frowned
In sullen silence still around,
And thinking only of that youth,
The love, the constancy and truth,

Which led him to desert his home,
And take his lone and fearful way
Through wilds where savage monsters roam,
And men more savage still than they ;
Which gave him fortitude to brave
For her, the desert and the wave ;
For her to stand, that very hour,
Within his deadliest foemen's power ;
Unconscious that to other's ears
A talismanic charm it bore,
She turned away, with falling tears,
And breathed the name of **ENSENORE !**

XXVI.

'T was lightly spoken — but 't was heard !
A dozen warriors at the word
Started, like lightning, from the ground
And gazed, with flashing eyes, around ;
While on their swarthy features glow
Alternate looks of hate and fear,
As if they thought to see their foe,
With retribution armed, appear.

No marvel if that name they knew,
For with the firm and faithful few
Who had, upon that night of blood,
Awhile their whelming hosts withstood,
That name had been the rallying cry
Which, echoing to the vaulted sky,
 Sent sudden terror through their band ;
And many a Huron mother wept
For the returnless ones, who slept,
 Fallen beneath his single hand.

XXVII.

But not on him, their courteous guest,
A moment did suspicion rest ;
Or if it did, it was forgot,
When, boldly walking to the spot,
He coolly asked what signs of harm
They were that seemed to give alarm,
And offered, as their scout, to go
If aught they feared of lurking foe.
And when, at length, their fears suppressed,
They, one by one, retired to rest,

He passed near where the maiden lay,
And, looking still another way,
“Sleep not, Kathreen!” — he whispered low,
Then threw himself upon the ground,
And, far as outward sign could show,
None slept more suddenly or sound.

ENSENORE.

PART FOURTH.

ENSENORE.

PART FOURTH:

I.

'T WAS midnight — and the clouded sky
O'er-canopied that darkened tent,
The bird of night flew wildly by,
The forest 'neath the blast was bent ;
Not darker, deeper is the gloom
That dwells within the rayless tomb ;
Came from the lake the sullen roar
Of billows beating on the shore,
And, as the frequent lightning threw
A sudden glory o'er the scene,
The opposing forests rose to view,
And all the watery waste between,

Where crested waves each other chase,
Like snowy coursers on the race.

II.

Beyond his hopes, auspicious fate
Thus far had favored ENSENORE,
Worn out by revel long and late,
The warriors slept upon the floor,
And through the tent, a taper shed
But just enough of light to show
Where, safe, the fugitives might tread,
Nor fear to rouse a sleeping foe ;
But words are powerless to portray
The ecstasy of hope and fear
Which o'er the maiden's breast held sway,
Alternate, as the hour drew near ;
And seemed her throbbing heart to burst
When ENSENORE's low voice she heard,
Bidding her make the trial first,
That if the dreaming sentinel stirred,
His ready dagger might secure
A sleep for him that should endure.

III.

But watchful ears they need, I ween,
Who hear thy fairy feet, Kathreen !
The summer's dew or winter's flake,
Or moonbeams falling on the lake
As soon the slumberer's rest might break.

.
White as the snowy robe she wore,
With spirit-step she treads the floor,
And glides, unchallenged, through the door.

IV.

Upon the beach the maiden stood,
Where wildly dashed the angry flood,
And listened long in vain to hear
The sound of footsteps coming near ;
Alone the screech of boding owl
Is heard from the surrounding trees,
Or from afar ' the wolf's long howl'
Borne onward with the passing breeze.

Slowly the lagging moments wear,
 Fraught with suspense and growing pain,
Still puts she back her clustering hair
 And looks and listens still in vain.

V.

Faintly she calls — her breath is lost
Mid dash of billows tempest-tost,
But she is answered ! one long cry
From countless voices rends the sky !
One warrior dashes wildly by,
And calls on her, in tones that wake
The echoes o'er that boisterous lake ;
'Tis he, discovered and pursued,
In search of whom the pathless wood
Is filled with flitting lights that glare,
Like spectres through the midnight air
He finds, he clasps her in his arms,
And though those demon-like alarms
Ring loud and louder in his ear,
The lights grow brighter, come more near,
They are not heard, they are not seen ;
He clasps his own, loved, lost Kathreen.

VI.

One moment, and that trance is past,
That dream of bliss — perhaps his last :
Bearing the maid within his arms,
What way he hears the least alarms,
 Fleët as the hunted elk he flew,
Toward a cove, where, yesternight,
Concealed in readiness for flight,
 He moored his light canoe.
Meanwhile the foe at random shot,
Where'er they knew their friends were not,
And hurtling arrows round him rained,
Yet, all unharmed, the cove he gained,
Sought for his faithful bark — and found
The withe with which that bark was bound !
Like summer friend, in hour of need,
That boat, which had with pride and speed,
Across the sunny waters sailed,
Now, when its aid were safety, failed.
It rides the waves, afar from land,
Cut loose by some designing hand,
Or by the billows swell alone,
It matters not — his boat is gone.

VII.

Well may his spirit falter now,
And dark despair o'ersshade his brow ;
His heart beats high with new alarm ;
Kathreen hangs senseless on his arm ;
Before him rolls the blackened wave,
Behind, those human blood-hounds rave,
And hark ! the very vault of Heaven,
With one loud cry of hate is riven,
So earthless and so dread a yell,
By demons, from their home in hell,
He thought had never been given.

VIII.

Yet, for a passing moment, play
 Hope's meteor-lights upon his soul ;
One half mile hence, within a bay,
While passing in the chase that day,
A fleet of birchen barges lay,
 On the blue waves he saw them roll.

Now if he can that harbor gain,
Alas ! that hope is also vain,
Unnumbered torches shed their light,
 Flitting, like fire-flies, o'er the bay,
And there, to intercept his flight,
 A band of well armed warriors stay,
While others scour both wood and shore ;
Now Heaven help lost ENSENORE !

IX.

He kneels beside the dashing wave,
Kathreen's death-colored face to lave,
And, as her slowly opening eyes,
Beaming with terror and surprise,
Appeal to Heaven's protecting power
For succor in that fearful hour,
He hurries briefly to relate
Their sad extremity of fate,
And, pointing to the blackened sea,
“ Kathreen ! I live or die with thee,
One hope remains ! 't is slight — 't is frail —
Speedy our fate, if *that* should fail ;
Look, by the lightnings lengthened blaze,
Where, on the crested billows, plays

My little bark ; say, durst thou brave
With me, the tempest and the wave ?”
“ I dare !” her murmuring voice replied,
And onward, in the swelling tide,
Unpausing rushes ENSENORE,
With one arm binding to his side
The frail and trembling form he bore.

X.

Well serves him now each feat of skill,
To pause, and float, or turn at will,
For pastime learned in earlier day,
When with the mountain waves at play ;
But better serves his vigorous arm,
His daring and his dauntless mind,
Which, not the shouts of wild alarm
That still came floating on the wind.
Could for a moment quell,
Though o'er his spirit bold at length,
When in the waters failed his strength,
Despair's dark shadow fell :
But even then, with failing eye,
He sees his bark careering nigh,
That sight revives his powers — and now,
His hand is laid upon its prow !

XI.

Brief breathing spell to him is given,
And hurried thanks ascend to Heaven,
For even now upon the shore,
Where they had stood short space before,
A cloud of savages, they view,
Searching for ENSENORE's canoe ;
In vain they search the shore, but hark !
They spy upon the wave, the bark ;
Then through the forest, wild and high
Rang forth their fearful battle cry,
And the rude breeze that hurried by,
Onward, with rapid pinion, bore
The gathering cry of " ENSENORE !"
While echo from her far retreats,
The fearful signal sound repeats.

XII.

As rush upon their game, the pack
When loosened first upon the track,

So, tow'rd their guarded harbor flew
Along the beach that vengeful crew,
And soon, well-manned, each bark canoe
 Across the billow wild is dancing,
While, like the mystic lights that glare
At midnight, in the churchyard air,
 The torches o'er the waves are glancing.

XIII.

The light, that o'er the landscape flies,
When clouds autumnal skim the skies,
Speeds not, as in that hour of dread,
Young ENSENORE's lone vessel sped ;
The flitting shades, that ever chase
Those sunbeams o'er the landscape's face,
Fly not, as each adverse canoe
Across the foaming billows flew.

XIV.

Southward, toward the Owasco's source,
Kept ENSENORE his rapid course,

And ever, as the frequent flash
 Revealed the fugitives to view,
Commingling with the thunder's crash,
 Rang long and loud the death-halloo.
Such shouts the native warriors use
Their foe to frighten or confuse ;
But cool of mind, and strong of limb,
No artifices baffle him ;
One powerful arm his boat propelled,²⁸
And one the trembling maiden held ;
No word was said — no glance was given —
In silence rose her prayers to Heaven ;
While, floating free and unconfined,
Streamed her long tresses on the wind.

XV.

Though for a while his vessel gained,
Such vantage might not be maintained
 By his unaided oar ;
And though, beyond his foemen's view,
'T were vain to hold his course he knew,
 And vain to seek the shore.
Skilled to discern the faintest trail
 Of human step on sand or sod,

When morning's light should flood the vale,
Full well he knew they would not fail

To strike the path he trod.

On every side was danger near,
Yet yielded not the youth to fear,
But, when the space that lay between
Was such that nothing might be seen,
No sound could reach their eager ear ;
With quick and well-directed oar,

He seeks the centre of the lake,
Turns his light bark, and dashing o'er

The waves that round his vessel break,
Like fox that doubles on his track,
With lightning-speed he hurries back,
While the dim lights that glisten far,

Trembling beneath the breeze's breath,
To him, are like the beacon-star,
That bids the sailor shun his death.

XVI.

With silent but with rapid stroke,
The muffled oar the waters broke,
Though slight had been the need of fear,
Of any, save the practised ear

Of Indian on the chase,
And little peril from the sight
Of e'en an Indian eye that night,
Save when the red electric light
 Illumed the waters face.
Now near and nearer comes the foe,
 A furlong scarcely lies between,
And the wild-waving torches throw
 A lurid light upon the scene.
More near ! he sees each scowling brow !
“ Oh heaven ! withhold thy lightnings now ! ”
With throbbing heart — suspended breath
And face as colorless as death,
His pale lips painfully compressed,
His oar upraised and held at rest,
The maiden trembling on his breast,
Silent he sat, with flashing eye,
And watched their dark forms flitting by,
And heard, in tones of muttered ire,
Himself condemned to funeral pyre.
So rapidly they glided past,
He breathed not till he saw the last —
Then dropped his oar into the wave
And to his boat new impulse gave.

XVII.

Though every breath augments the space
Between them and their foemen now,
Yet still unslackened is the race
Of that true bark, and still her prow
Points outward to the central wave,
And where the proudest billows rave,
Leaps, laughing, o'er their foaming crest,
At home amid their wild unrest ;
Nor till the early beams of day
Through the far east had found their way,
They paused, where at the lake's extreme,
Its waters dwindle to a stream.
And there, beneath the waters blue,
Far in the depths, his light canoe,
Young ENSENORE concealed from view.

XVIII.

And there in Nature's temple wide,
Where Nature's priests alone preside,
Whose carpet is the velvet sod,

Whose dome, the glittering arch that spans
The vast creation of His hands,
 Whose light the smile of God ;
While from the fragrant flowers, arise
Their morning incense to the skies,
To Him who shields — that pair impart
The grateful homage of the heart ;
And the bright stream, that murmurs by,
The winds that through the forest fly,
The birds whose matin carol gave
Its treble to the roaring wave,
Together, in their varying ways,
Respond unto their Maker's praise.

XIX.

The storm had past — the clouds were gone,
And the pale stars that o'er them shone,
Still held with the unfolding day
O'er the clear sky an equal sway,
When through the dark and silent wood,
Their path of peril, they pursued.
What days of toil — what nights of fear,
Made up their long and lone career,

What tears of gratitude were shed,
What vows of love to Heaven were sped,
What dangers threatened — woes befell,
'T were tedious now and vain to tell.

XX.

Suffice, that ere the seventh sun,
His cloud-pavilioned goal had won,
The loved — the lost — the rescued now,
With freshened cheek and sunny brow,
Beheld a father's smiling face,
Returned a father's fond embrace,
Nor tried with words her bliss to speak,
 When, with a joy that verged on Heaven,
She kissed from off a mother's cheek,
 The tears by speechless rapture given.

XXI.

Suffice that when before the shrine
Where hands are joined, when hearts combine,
In ENSENORE's dark chestnut hair
That curled around his forehead fair,

In his complexion clear and bright,
His dark eye's soft and gentle light,
And in his mild yet manly face,
Kathreen in vain essayed to trace
Some semblance of that chieftain red,
 From whom scarce three brief weeks before,
With trembling footsteps, she had fled
 Upon Owasco's distant shore.

NOTES.

NOTES.

NOTE 1.

By that proud mart. P. 9.

THE city of Utica, near the source of the Mohawk, is situated within a few miles of "that bloody field in which Herkimer fell."

NOTE 2.

Wild Astorogan's hills arise. P. 10.

Astorogan is the Indian name for some one of the many masses of rocks, in the vicinity of what is now the romantic village of Little Falls, a spot, which for wild and magnificent scenery, is without a parallel throughout the whole valley of the Mohawk.

NOTE 3.

Foremost of whom, young Ensenore. P. 14.

Ensenore is an Indian name. It belonged to a native chieftain of Virginia, of whom Mr. Thatcher says, that "he was the best friend, next to Granganimo, whom the English had ever found among the natives." It is, perhaps, unnecessary to say, that it is adopted here, rather for its singular euphony, than for any other cause, though the author considers it not a violent presumption to suppose that the name of so celebrated a chief, friendly to the Europeans, would become engrafted upon their own less elegant patronymics, and perpetuated among their children.

NOTE 4.

Where Trenton's wild and wizard stream. P. 22.

The West Canada Creek, in which are the celebrated Falls

of Trenton, connects with the Mohawk, near the beautiful village of Herkimer. The river, a little west of this place, takes a north-westerly turn, and the ancient trail of the Iroquois, from the western part of the State, struck the river somewhere near this point. The author has this information from a gentleman, as celebrated for his knowledge of Indian history and habits, as for his kindness and courtesy in communicating such information to others.

NOTE 5.

*Amid the seven fair lakes, that lie
Like mirrors 'neath the summer sky.* P. 23.

There are seven beautiful lakes in the western part of the State of New-York, varying from ten to forty miles in length, all of which discharge their waters into the Ontario, through the Oswego river, to wit: the Cayuga, Seneca, Canandaigua, Owasco, Otisco, Skaneateles, and Crooked Lake.

NOTE 6.

What time the Lion holds the Sun. P. 23.

The months of July and August, are supposed to have been peculiarly favorable for the chase, as well as for piscatory sports, in the vicinity of the Seven Lakes. It continues to be a favorable season for the latter amusement.

NOTE 7.

*And leaving there the river's side,
Where northward turns its lessening tide.* P. 24.

See note 4.

NOTE 8.

*By night the glittering stars above,
By day the humble moss below.* P. 24.

"The polar star has been very generally noticed by the Indians, as 'the star that never moves,' and this, when visible, is always their travelling guide in the night time. In cloudy

weather, whether by day or night, they have astonishingly sure and speedy modes of ascertaining directions and distances. They will travel a line to almost any given point of the compass, for any given time, by observing as they run, the difference in the moss, or in the thickness of the bark on the northern and southern sides of the trees, together with various other minute circumstances, which a white man would scarcely notice, if pointed out to him. Well may they say, as they sometimes do to white men, ‘*How can we go wrong, when we know where we are going to?*’ ” *Thatcher.*

NOTE 9.

Owasco's waters sweetly slept. P. 29.

The ancient trail of the Iroquois, from the Mohawk westward, led past the northern extremity of this lake, and crossed the outlet somewhere within the bounds of the present large and beautiful village of Auburn. The author is under obligation for this piece of information, to the same intelligent gentleman, referred to in Note 4, who was personally and familiarly acquainted with many of the head men of the Five Nations. An aged Indian by the name of Antonie, who was second chief of the Oneidas, under the celebrated Skenandoah, informed him of this fact, and said that one of their customary camping grounds was near a large elm tree, which is said to be still standing in the highway, on the eastern line of the village above named. Their trail westward from Auburn, must have pursued pretty nearly the course of the present Seneca turnpike, as it led over Cayuga lake, in the vicinity of the present bridge, where they kept canoes, or ferry boats, constantly, for the accommodation of any of their people.

This was at a later day than the one referred to in the text, and at a time when the Iroquois were undisputed sovereigns of the country.

NOTE 10.

A single oar that boat propelled. P. 31.

The Indian canoes are sometimes made very small and slight,

and capable of being propelled with extreme rapidity, by means of a single oar, or scull, as it is sometimes termed, which is placed in the stern.

NOTE 11.

With all a Narraghansett's pride. P. 32.

This is not the common, but is, I believe, the most correct orthography of this name. I follow Mr. Thatcher. The Narraghansetts were one of the most powerful of the New-England Nations, and were a remarkably brave and high spirited people. "They were," says Mr. Thatcher, "composed of various small tribes, inhabiting a large part of the territory which afterward formed the colony of Rhode Island. Their dominion extended also over the islands in the bay of their own name."

NOTE 12.

*The broidered moccasins that gave
A grace to his converging feet.* P. 32.

The habit of walking with the toes inclining inward, if not universally prevalent among the aborigines, is at least so far so, as to render it a national peculiarity. Whether or not it is owing to any peculiar conformation of that part of the anatomical system, I am not able to say. I should suspect it to be a mere matter of custom, and practised, at the expense of convenience, taste and nature, for fashion's sake alone, were it not that the savages could hardly be supposed, at so early a day, to have exhibited such strong indications of an approach to civilization.

NOTE 13.

Huron nor Ottawa his race. P. 32.

The Hurons and Ottawas were the savages who enacted the dreadful tragedy at Schenectada. They were, of course, friendly to the French government, and it was by such fearful means as the destruction of English settlements, and the massacre of their inhabitants, that the French provincial government sought to

awe the Iroquois, and bring them over to their own interests. The Iroquois, so long as they remained friendly to the English, were a complete barrier to the progress of the French arms, and it was supposed that they would change their allegiance, (or rather their alliance, for they disclaimed being subjects of any crown,) when they saw that the English settlements were unable to protect themselves. *Vide Dunlap's N. Y.*

NOTE 14.

The five fierce nations of the North. P. 32.

The Five Nations, so called by the English, were the Mohawks, Oneidas, Cayugas, Onondagas and Senecas. Governor Clinton, in a discourse delivered before the New-York Historical Society, in 1811, says: "The Virginian Indians gave them the name of Massawomekes; the Dutch called them Maquas, or Makakuase, and the French, Iroquois. Their appellation at home was the Mingoes, and sometimes the Aganuschian or United People."

By those whose knowledge of the aborigines is mainly derived from works of fiction, they will be best recollected as the Mingoes, who were the objects of such continual hatred and detestation to Mr. Cooper's Leather-stocking. It is not a matter of surprise that the Delawares, of whom Leather-stocking was an ally, should have hated the Iroquois. They were to the Five Nations, what the sand is to the whirlwind.

Governor Clinton, in an address delivered at Schenectada in 1823, before the New-York Alpha of the Phi Beta Kappa Society, says: "The alluvial lands of the river, rich as the soil formed by the overflowings of the Nile, were the principal residence of that ferocious and martial race, the true old heads of the Iroquois, a confederacy which carried terror, havoc and desolation, from the Gulf of St. Lawrence to the Gulf of Mexico, and which aspired to universal empire over the savage nations."

It is presumed, that Governor C. alludes here to the Mohawk tribe only, as "that ferocious and martial race, the true old heads of the Iroquois."

While on the subject of this interesting people, it may not be amiss to quote the following, from another distinguished source—the late Dr. Samuel L. Mitchell, who, in a discourse before the same society last named, in 1821, says : “ The place upon which this city (Schenectady,) stands, furnishes an ample theme for contemplation. Here and in the region situated to the westward, lived the once formidable confederacy of the Iroquois, of whom the Mohawks were the most distinguished. They appear to have descended from the Tartars of Asia, and by gradual approaches from the shores of Alaska, to have reached the country situated south of the great lakes. They brought the complexion, features and manners of their ancestors, and even their dogs are of the Siberian breed. They are called Indians, either because they resembled the inhabitants of India, or because they were supposed to have descended from India.

Between these ferocious hordes on the one hand, and the white settlers on the other, the unfortunate Delawares, who were probably tinctured with Malay blood, were beaten as metal between the anvil and hammer, or broken to pieces, after the manner of grain betwixt the mill-stones.

Yet, in this very spot, where barbarous, and even cannibal rites have been performed, Schenectady soon arose, and in less than two centuries, has grown to its present population and wealth. *Schenectadea*, or the pine wood landing ; *Cohokesackie*, or the land of owls ; *Senagahat*, or the stingy road ; *Canajoharie*, or the place where the water of the creek whirls like the simmering of a cauldron over the fire ; *Kahohalatea*, the river since called Hudson ; *Tioghdaronde*, the place where rivers or streams empty into others ; and *Canneoglononitade*, the river that glides along toward its precipice at the Cohos ; are a few of the appellations that remain.”

According to the late learned Mr. Thatcher, whose investigations and laborious researches into Indian history ought to secure to him the gratitude of the public, since he is now placed beyond the reach of their reward in any other shape : “ Their career of victory, which began with the fall of the Adirondacks, was destined to be extended beyond all precedent, in the history

of the Indian tribes. They exterminated the Eries or Erigas, once living on the south side of the lake of their own name. They nearly destroyed the powerful Anderstes and the Chouanons or Showanons. They drove back the Hurons and Ottawas among the Sioux of the Upper Mississippi, where they separated themselves into bands, "proclaiming, wherever they went, the terror of the Iroquois." The Illinois on the west also were subdued, with the Miamies and the Shawanese. The Niperceneans of the St. Lawrence, fled to Hudson's Bay to avoid their fury. "The borders of the Ontaonis," says an historian, "which were long thickly peopled, became almost deserted." The Mohawk was a name of terror to the farthest tribes of New-England, and though but one of that formidable people should appear for a moment on the hills of the Connecticut or Massachusetts, the villages below would be in an uproar of confusion and fear. Finally, they conquered the tribe of Virginia, west of the Alleghanies, and warred against the Catawbias, Cherokees, and most of the nations of the south.

These tribes, of course, had no part in the massacre at Schenectada. Says governor Clinton, "the sympathizing and pathetic speech of the faithful Mohawks, on that melancholy occasion, may be ranked among the most splendid effusions of oratory."

NOTE 15.

Could imitate their scalp-halloo. P. 37.

"For every scalp, and for every prisoner taken, the scalp-yell, or as it is sometimes called the death-halloo, was raised in all its mingled tones of triumph and tenor. The scalp-yell is the most terrific note which an Indian can raise, and from the numbers that had fallen during this expedition, it was often repeated."

Col. Stone's Life of Brandt, Vol. I. p. 388.

NOTE 16.

And chant the warrior's dirge. P. 37.

The death-song of the warrior is common, I believe, to all the North American tribes of Indians, and like the fabled song of

the swan, it is believed to be not only the last, but the first display of their musical powers. It consists generally of an improvised recitative of their own acts of valor, and, if at the stake, mingled with taunts of cowardice upon their captors, which, craft and subtlety to the last, is doubtless designed to provoke a more speedy termination of their sufferings. The following, from Mr. Cooper's *Last of the Mohicans*, will be recollected as the language of Chingachgook and his son Uncas, two Delaware chiefs, when, as they supposed, about falling into the hands of the Hurons at Glenn's Cataract. The taunt of Uncas is in allusion to one of the Huron warriors, who had taken his station in the upper branches of a tree, to shoot from thence upon their encampment, and who had been dislodged by one of their rifles and dropped dead into the river. *Chingachgook*. "Let the Mingo women go weep over their slain! the great snake of the Mohicans has coiled himself in their wigwam, and has poisoned their triumph, with the wailings of children whose fathers have not returned! Eleven warriors lie hid far from the graves of their tribes since the snows have melted, and none will tell where to find them, when the tongue of Chingachgook shall be silent! Let them draw the sharpest knife, and whirl the swiftest tomahawk, for their bitterest enemy is in their hands. Uncas, my boy, topmost branch of a noble trunk, call on the cowards to hasten, or their hearts will soften, and they will change to women!"

"They look among the fish for their dead!" returned the low soft voice of the youthful chieftain. "The Hurons float with the slimy eels! They drop from the oak, like fruit that is ready to be eaten! and the Delawares laugh!"

Charlevoix relates that an Indian of the Ottogami, or Fox tribe, was tortured by the Illinois. After loading them with all the insults he could think of, he looked round and saw among their number a Frenchman from Canada, whom he knew. He called out to him to '*assist the Illinois in tormenting him.*' '*And why should I assist them?*' cried the Frenchman. '*That I may have the comfort of dying by the hands of a MAN,*' said the prisoner; *my greatest grief is that I never killed a MAN.*' Here an

Illinois interrupted him, and said that he *had* killed such and such persons—naming several of the Illinois tribe. ‘*Ha ! ha ! The Illinois, indeed !*’ said the captive with an air of contemptuous defiance. ‘*The Illinois ! I have killed enough of them truly, but I have never killed a MAN !*’ His enraged foes probably soon paid him for this speech, as he expected and hoped, with a death-blow.

Thatcher's Indian Traits, Vol. II., p. 30.

NOTE 17.

If she were not — he little recks

How soon his head, the death-cap decks. P. 37.

Col. Stone, in describing a dance of thanksgiving of the Iroquois at Kanadesaga, in 1778, after the massacre at the village of Cherry-Valley, as witnessed by Mrs. Campbell, one of their prisoners, says, “There was no prisoner put to the torture, or attired with the *raven death-cap* on this occasion, but the prisoners were paraded, and the scalps borne in procession, as would have been the standards taken in civilized warfare in the celebration of a triumph.”

I have not been able, on investigation, to find any further authority for this matter of the “raven death-cap,” and am inclined to suspect it a mere embellishment of the imagination on the part of the biographist of Thayendanegea.

NOTE 18.

As far beyond the tribes that stay

Near the great Cataract's ceaseless spray. P. 42.

The Eries, or Erigas, lived on the south side of the lake which now bears their name.

Thatcher.

NOTE 19.

Where on a shell-strewn island stands

A bell not made by mortal hands. P. 42.

There is a rock situated on an island in Lake Huron, which,

on being struck, rings like a church-bell. The French named the island La Cloche. *Thatcher.*

NOTE 20.

*Nipercceans they — a race he said
Of whom himself, the honored head
Was known afar by friend and foe
The firm and fearless Ivanough. P. 42.*

Thatcher spells the name of this tribe Niperceneans ; but it is so difficult to say when one has arrived at the correct orthography of an Indian name, that it may be excusable, to occasionally drop a supernumerary letter or syllable, for the sake of melody.

Iyanough was the name of "the courteous Sachem of Cummaquid," who is described as "not exceeding twenty-six years of age, very personable, gentle, courteous, fair conditioned, and indeed not like a savage, save for his attire."

Journal of a Plantation.

NOTE 21.

Before the Iroquois we fled. P. 42.

The story here related by the pretended sachem, is matter of history. The Niperceneans formerly lived on the borders of the St. Lawrence, and were driven thence by the Five Nations. How Ensenore became cognizant of the fact, may be something of a question, but one which it is scarcely necessary to examine here.

NOTE 22.

*Four chosen warriors with him went,
All trebly armed. P. 45.*

Mr. Thatcher relates the following anecdote, of a chief of the Adirondacks, as taking place at a time when that tribe had become nearly exterminated by the Iroquois. "He and his four comrades solemnly devoted themselves to the purpose of re-

deeming the sullied glory of the nation, at a period when the prospect of conquest, and perhaps of defence, had already become desperate. They set out for *Trois Rivières* in one canoe; each of them being provided with three muskets, which they loaded severally with two bullets, connected by a small chain ten inches in length. In Sorel river they met with five boats of the Iroquois, each having on board ten men. As the parties rapidly came together, the Adirondacks pretended to give themselves up for lost, and began howling the death-song. This was continued till their enemy was just at hand. They then suddenly ceased singing, and fired simultaneously on the five canoes. The charge was repeated with the arms which lay ready loaded, and the slight birches of the Iroquois were torn asunder, and the frightened occupants tumbled overboard as fast as possible. Piskaret and his comrades, after knocking as many of them on the head as they pleased, reserved the remainder to feed their revenge, which was soon afterwards done by burning them alive in the most cruel tortures."

The author supposes Mr. Thatcher may have been mistaken in the name and tribe of the chief who performed this exploit, and that to Eagle-Eye of the Hurons, the credit in fact belongs. Be this as it may, there seems, by the text, to have been some heroic act performed by the Huron, similar, at least, as far as regards the number of his coadjutors.

NOTE 23.

Their moccasins reversed. P. 45.

"Accustomed, as an Indian must be, to all emergencies of travelling, as well as warfare, he took the precaution of putting the hinder part of his snow-shoes forward, so that if his footsteps should happen to be observed by his vigilant enemy, it might be supposed he was going the contrary way." *Thatcher.*

NOTE 24.

To which the maddening bowl gave birth. P. 56.

That the infuriating "fire-water" was introduced among those

tribes of Indians who were in alliance with the Europeans, at a still earlier day than the one referred to in the text, appears by a speech of the celebrated chief, Garangula, to M. De Labare, governor of Upper Canada, in 1684, in which he speaks of the "Jesuits who break all the kegs of rum brought to our castles, lest the drunken Indians should knock them on the head."

NOTE 25.

And round his lengthened locks of jet. P. 59.

The hair of the American savages, says Thatcher, still more decidedly than their color, distinguishes them from all other people. It is uniformly, in each of the sexes, black, until changed by age. It is often described, also, as lank, and hanging in knots.

NOTE 26.

Upon the unknown Brave. P. 61.

A brave is a warrior distinguished for his prowess. The title, I believe, involves no other rank. I suppose the term to be of modern use, only, among the natives, and to be borrowed from the English adjective.

NOTE 27.

*As doubtless holding some strange charm,
Potent, perhaps, to work such harm.* P. 64.

The savages believe in charms and spells, but, in their unlettered state, have not the most remote conception of the nature of written communication, unless through the medium of pictures and symbols.

NOTE 28.

One powerful arm, his boat propelled. P. 63.

See Note 10.



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